Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much, that this crulentious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarſe felt, thou would'ſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meete the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my minde,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will puniſh ſure;
No I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madneſſe lies,
Let me ſhunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes his name is poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme thee.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daugh
come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*,
fiend hath led through fire, and throgh foord,
ore bog and quagmire, that has laide kniues vn
halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage,
of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer f
es, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traitor, bl
Toms a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-windes, ſt
taking, do poore *Tom* ſome charity, whom the
there could I haue him now, and there, and the

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to t
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing? didſt thou giue th

Foole. Nay he reſerued a blanket, elſe wee
med.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendul
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughte

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir.

Lear. Death traitor, nothing could haue ſub
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkinde daughters,
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh,
Iudicious puniſhment, twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo l

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to foo

Edg. Take heed of the foule fiend, obey thy
words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with ma
ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array; *Toms*

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A ſeruingman, proud in heart and mind
haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of
and did the acte of darkneſſe with her, ſwore a
ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweete fa
that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wak't
ued I deepely, dice dearely, and in woman,
Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudy of h